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" 5, 12, 19, 26	" of Society.
" 27	Orchestral Concert.
March 5, 12, 19, 26	Choral Practice.
" 6	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
" 10	Trial of New Chamber Compositions.
April 10	Orchestral Concert.
" 16, 23, 30	Choral Practice.
" 17	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
May 7, 14, 21, 28	Choral Practice.
" 8	Orchestral Concert.
" 22	Trial of New Chamber Compositions.
June 4	Choral Practice.
" 5	Orchestral Concert.
July 3	Conversations.
November 6	Fellows' Meeting for Discussion, &c.
" 19, 26	Choral Practice.
December 3, 10, 17	Choral Practice.

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"I slept, and oh! how sweet the dream"	2 0
"Good bye, my love, good bye"	2 0

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"GOOD NIGHT," (Cradle Song—Wiegenlied) composed by ALEXANDER REICHHARDT, price 2s. 6d. London: published by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

The day, pretty darling, draw near to its close,
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.
With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.
Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, 'Thou art so near and yet so far,' which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled 'Good Night' (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend 'The Cradle Song' as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail*.

NEW WALTZ, "The Woman in White," Valse mystérieuse, by Charles Marriott, dedicated to Wilkie Collins, Esq., is just published price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Nov. 28, 1860.

THE most remarkable event of the week—to borrow the phraseology of our Foreign Minister—is conspicuous by its non-occurrence. The ballet which has been so long talked of, and built upon as the invention of Mad. Taglioni, to be illustrated by the music of M. Offenbach and the choreographic art of Mlle. Emma Livry, is postponed, owing to the alleged indisposition of the last-named artist. Whether or not the malady of the principal *dansseuse* is *bona fide*, or is of that convenient class of afflictions which come and go as the caprices of a public favourite fluctuate, I have not heard. The hitch is highly disagreeable, however, as it keeps manager, composer, inventress, and hundreds of artists and *employés* of all sorts on the tenter hooks of a permanent state of full rehearsal.

Procrastination is also the order of the day at the Opéra Comique. The new opera which M. Offenbach has been writing in conjunction with M. Scribe, is still only in the state of promise. The performance has, however, been positively announced for this week. Mlle. Saint Urbain, who is to play the part originally intended for Mad. Ugalde, is said to be thoroughly “up” in her part, and panting for action. The opera which M. Aimé Maillard, the composer of *Les Dragons de Villars*, has written for the Théâtre Lyrique, is also in the limbo of suspense, owing to the unabated attractions of *Orphée* and the *Val d’Andorre*.

At the Bouffes Parisiens the egregiously protracted run of the parody on Gluck’s opera, *Orphée aux Enfers*—over three hundred nights—is about at last to be arrested, and *Fortunio* will reign in its stead.

Mad. Penco is shortly to make her appearance in *Norma* at the Italian Opera, and a new tenor from Sicily is to play the character of Pollio. There is also to be another *début* on the same occasion—a *comprimaria* recently engaged by M. Calzado, whose vocal powers are highly spoken of, will canvass the suffrages of the public as Adalgisa. There is a rumour, of which I am unable to test the truth, that Signor Ronconi is shortly about to perform a histrionic *tour de force*, by playing Don Basilio and Figaro the same night. That this accomplished and versatile artist is fully capable of executing this feat, and keeping the individuality of the two characters in question as distinct as though there were two Ronconis equally gifted with the dramatic faculty, there can be little doubt. But, whether the proceeding is not somewhat undignified, and savouring of a vanity unbecoming so great an artist, is another question. From this point of view, knowing the strong good sense of Signor Ronconi, it seems more than probable he entertains no such intention; at any rate, the feat is only possible in the first act.

One of the remarkable features in the present state of the play-going world is the reaction that is taking place in favour of the Théâtre Français and the legitimate drama. Something of this is no doubt due to the spirited and judicious management of the present director, but the chief cause is certainly that the public taste is sickened with the mawkish and immoral trash—the romance of the stews—with which such writers as M. Dumas, the younger, &c., have entertained them, outraging at the same time decency, good sense, and the purity of the French language. Within the last few days the *Cinna* of Corneille has been revived with some features which are the reverse of new, but have created considerable interest. The part of Livia is restored for the first time since the original production of this tragedy, and the sacred law of unity of place has been violated by playing the scene alternately in the palace of Augustus and in that of Emilia—a violation which, however, expressly obviates the sanction of the illustrious author, who, in his *Examen de Cinna*, declares that common sense requires such an arrangement.

At the minor theatres there have been but two novelties. A comedy, or rather *vaudeville*, in three acts, at the Palais Royal, entitled *Le Passage Radziwill*, which was not brilliantly successful, and a drama in five acts and ten scenes, mounted on the most elaborate scale, entitled *La Dame de Mont Soreau*. The authors are the experienced and illustrious collaborators, MM. Dumas and Auguste Maquet, and the success of the work is such as might have been anticipated from such a conjunction.

At this moment is proceeding a sale of autographs of considerable

interest, being the collection of M. Lajarriette. A few of the letters may be referred to here, as specially connected with “music and theatres.” First, there is a little note from Boieldieu to Choron, in which he fixes 2,400 francs as the price of a “*Te Deum*” for the Church of Notre Dame. Paer, who was not so well off, addresses a petition to a minister of state, containing the very modest request that “his superannuated pension may be continued.” Favart, in a charming letter to his wife, while he admits that the Flemish women are amiable, protests that he will never have eyes but for her. Gavandau, who, in 1793, was dismissed his post of officer in the *milice Parisienne*, supplicates the members of the *Comité Révolutionnaire* to reinstate him, not for his own sake, “which is of little matter, but for the sake of the honour and esteem of his comrades in arms, the highest pleasure and foremost need of a true Republican.” Rouget de L’Isle writes for the directorship of the Opera. He promises “to rescue that magnificent manufactory, that immense centre of French industry, and to make it a truly national stage, the most splendid and the least burthensome which has ever existed in France or elsewhere.”

There is a letter from Rachel. She is to make her re-appearance on the 1st of June. “But is it permitted,” she asks, “in a theatre, that a tragic actress should sometimes suffer human affliction (her sister Rebecca was ill)? It requires (viz. the theatre), like a despotic tyrant, that our souls should not extend beyond the foot-lights. *Allons*, since I have a salary, I must turn some-saults like the clown (*Pauillasse*) when the bills announce me.”

There is also a letter from Mad. Raucourt to André Dumont, a member of the Committee of Safety, urging him to obtain the liberty of a woman who had been arrested. She says, “Put my note in your pocket, that you may be reminded of my entreaties. Adieu, André, adieu. Thine!”

KAY.

OPERA COMIQUE. ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

(Continued from page 731.)

DELLA MARIA.

ALTHOUGH less prolific than Dalayrac, Della Maria presents a certain resemblance to him in the nature of his talent; grace and softness were qualities common to both these musicians.

There is some difference of opinion as to the date of this master’s birth. Some have it he was born at Marseilles, in 1764, of Italian parents, others in 1768. Duval, his intimate friend, makes him out to have died, at 27 years of age, in 1800, which would advance the date of his birth to 1773. M. de Borigelon states that his family was French, and his real name Lamaire. It would appear that Della Maria had Italianised his name during his stay at Naples, or in order to facilitate the establishment of his reputation in France, foreign musicians having at all times had better chances of success than native artists. He early devoted himself to the study of his art, and succeeded, while yet very young, in getting a grand opera played at Marseilles. It was well received by his fellow-townsmen, and flushed with his success, and full of confidence in the future, he repaired to Italy to complete his musical education, which was quite of an elementary character. He remained in Italy ten years, and studied there under several masters. The last was Pæsiello. In the different towns through which Della Maria passed, he had several operas performed, some of which were successful, among others *il Maestro di Capella*. At Naples he had made the acquaintance of Amaury Duval, who recommended him to his brother Alexander in Paris. As soon as he arrived in that city, Della Maria sought out the author of *Maison à Vendre*, and the latter being made aware, through his brother, that Della Maria was a distinguished pupil of Pæsiello, confided to him the libretto of *Le Vieux Château*.

Thanks to the fame and influence of his collaborator, the young composer had to endure none of the usual annoyances and disappointments which await the first attempts of a beginner. The doors of the Comédie Italienne opened to him spontaneously. *Le Vieux Château* was not the first of his works in the order of their appearance. Here is what Alexander Duval relates on this point:

"The sole recommendation of my brother would have sufficed to gain my interest in his favour (Della Maria's); but after a few days of acquaintance I was quite surprised to find in young Della Maria a man as amiable as he was well instructed. Although an Italian and a composer, there was nothing like charlatanism about him, and he joined to simplicity of manners an originality which was quite piquant."

After recounting to what a degree Della Maria was timorous, and how he used to get frightened in the evening in the woods of Romainville, where Duval had a country house, the latter continues thus:—

"As he had too much wit to say that he believed in ghosts, he bethought him of other motives to account for his terrors. He admitted that he was easily scared, and that night and solitude caused him actual distress. It was after this singular conversation that I told him he had inspired me with the wish to give him a pack of cowards to write music for. Having no subject at hand, and being absolutely bent on gratifying his desire for an opera, contrary to my habit, I did not wait for the moment of inspiration, but at once composed for him *Le Vieux Château*; but scarcely had he finished the music for this when the idea of *Le Prisonnier* occurred to me. A month after the reading, and only a few months before the performance, of *Le Vieux Château*, *Le Prisonnier* was played with the greatest success."

Some of the young musicians in the orchestra, however, finding this music too simple, put on periwigs, in order to throw ridicule upon the young composer's work. Their endeavours were fruitless. "It was a day for triumph to young Della Maria," continues Duval, "his music produced such a sensation that the whole orchestra rose crying, bravo! and applauding by striking on their instruments."

The first performance took place on the 2nd of February, 1798. There are in this score several very remarkable pieces. After the overture, the commencement of which is original (two *points d'orgue*), I will mention the duet—

"O ciel, dois-je en croire mes yeux?"

In which the pupil of Paisiello is recognisable. The trio which follows—

"Dans les détours du bois prochain,"

the stanzas sung by Mad. Belmont, which have become hackneyed.

"Il faut des époux assortis;"

Blinval's air—

"Oui, c'en est fait, je me marie."

The duo—

"Aimerez-vous votre beau-père?"

Della Maria had found some difficulty in composing music to the words last quoted. They were not sufficiently musical, and he went to his collaborator to ask him to alter them. Duval merely set about making him understand by singing them to an air which he extemporised, that, on the contrary, a great deal might be made of them. The light dawned on the young composer's mind, and he returned an hour after with the piece finished. Finally, I will mention the pretty trio—

"Faut-il pour une bagatelle?"

and the well known romance—

"Lorsque dans une tour obscure."

The great portion of these airs have become singularly antiquated, but this arises from the immense popularity they enjoyed, and popularity is, in my eyes, a great merit in a work, the style of which is inconsistent with too elevated a tone. The piece was remarkably well played by Elleviou, the friend and fellow-townsmen of Duval, by Mad. St. Aubain, and Dugazon.

The other operas of Della Maria were far from obtaining the success of *Le Prisonnier*. *Le Vieux Château*, however (March 16, 1798) was performed some thirty times. "It had the misfortune of coming after *Le Prisonnier*," Duval used to say.

On the 9th of December, 1798, our two collaborators produced *L'Oncle Valet*, which met with still less success than *Le Vieux Château*. The *verve* of Della Maria was beginning to fail. *L'Oncle Valet* was played at Vienna, where it was heard by Weber, who, in one of his letters, says in reference to it:—

"Here now are some particulars of the victory which the Theatre an der Wieden has just gained over that of the city. Both were rehearsing

unknowingly the same French opera; at last the Court Theatre got wind of the affair, and made haste to steal a march on the rival stage. The piece failed wofully. The next day it had the most brilliant success at the Theatre an der Wieden, since when it has had already seven or eight consecutive performances. The work is weak enough, the plot commonplace, the music light. It is by Dalayrac.* The opera is called *L'Oncle Valet*."

L'Opéra Comique, by Segur and Dupaty, was played between *Le Vieux Château* and *L'Oncle Valet*. Next to this last piece came *Jacquot, ou l'Ecole des Mères* (1799), *La Maison du Marais*, three acts, by Duval (January, 1800), and *La Fausse Duègne*.

La Maison du Marais was played shortly before the death of Della Maria†—a death in the saddest of manners. On leaving a friend's house where he had been dining he fell down insensible in the middle of the Rue St. Honoré. He was carried into a neighbouring house, where he expired without having been able to utter a single word, and as no one present knew him, he had to be taken to the Morgue. Duval, his universal legatee, had him buried on his property in the country. The architect Lecomte, Isabez, his brother-in-law, and Lemot, erected a monument to his memory.

Dalayrac pronounced a funeral eulogium over his tomb. "I shall not undertake to analyse his works. It will suffice to say that they abound in agreeable and flowing melody; that their style is pure and elegant; that the accompaniments are light and brilliant; lastly, that they are full of charming thoughts, and that these qualities, combined with the genuine expression of the words, which is extraordinary in a disciple of a foreign school, have placed Della Maria side by side with the best composers."

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The reputation of the Kärntnerthor Opera House, although, for reasons which shall hereafter be considered, now somewhat on the wane, will give an interest to the following list of the managers and singers at present employed in the undertaking:—

GENERAL DIRECTORS—MM. Esser and Schober.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT—Herr Steinhäuser.

COMPTROLLERS.—Comte Lanzcoransky and Hofrath Raymond.

PRIME DONNE—Mad. Csillag, Mad. Dustman Meyer, Mad. Wildauer, Mlle. Kraus, Mad. Hoffman, Mlle. Liebhart.

CONTRALTO—Mlle. Sulzer.

SECONDE DONNE—Mlle. Ferrari, Mlle. Weiss, Mlle. Kudelka, and Mlle. Koschok.

PRIMI TENORI—MM. Ander, Wachtel, and Walter.

SECONDI TENORI—MM. Gunz, Campe, and Barach.

BARITONI—MM. Beck, Hrabanek, Libisch, and Rudolph.

BASSI—Drachler, Schmid, Meyerhofer, Koch, Grauer and Hölzel.

1ST VIOLIN—Herr Helmesberger.

CONDUCTORS—MM. Esser, Proch, and Dessof.

The onus of management falls, as may be supposed, upon the general Directors. They are responsible for the orders of the comptrollers being carried out, the production of the operas, &c., &c., not by any means an enviable responsibility. Without the excitement of speculation, which is supposed to be the great charm of a theatrical manager's vocation, these gentlemen have all the trouble and petty annoyances incidental to their position, its chief attractions being the while denied them. Patronage, the privilege of office, is moreover monopolised by the superior authorities, so that what inducement MM. Esser and Schober can have (except it be of a pecuniary nature, which I very much doubt) to undergo so much drudgery, for it is nothing else, I am at a loss to understand. The artists are well paid, perhaps better than at any other continental theatre, Paris excepted. They are subject to certain arbitrary rules and regulations, in nature somewhat similar to those I quoted in my last letter for the guidance of the public. One condition of their engagements is, that they pay a certain sum, be-

* The author of *Der Freischütz* was not the only one who confounded Dalayrac with Della Maria. How often has *Le Prisonnier* been attributed to Dalayrac?

† Some biographers assert that *La Maison du Marais* was played after the death of Della Maria. Duval states expressly that he died shortly after.

sides forfeiting a proportionate amount of the salary, for every performance they may miss. This reminds me of an incident in Paris some years ago, where the same stipulation is made with the artists of the Grand Opera. Dining with a celebrated prima donna (who has since retired from the stage) she informed me of her intention not to sing the following evening, saying she would pay the forfeit rather than do so. Notice to this effect had been sent to the theatre. During dinner the director of the theatre arrived, and was admitted. "Comment, Mademoiselle, vous ne chantez pas demain?" "Non, Monsieur, je veux me reposer, et je payerai le dédit. Après tout, ce n'est que mille francs." "Mille francs, Mademoiselle, vous vous trompez; c'est dix mille francs. Lisez votre engagement." The lady was completely taken aback. "Dix mille francs! Cela, par exemple, est trop fort,—je chanterai." However, to return to Vienna. Of the talents and vocal powers of the different artistes mentioned I have already spoken in the various operas that have been given lately. The band and chorus, formerly of such remarkable excellence, have suffered considerably from the fact of three conductors being appointed to a post which one alone should fill.

The retirement of Eckert from this position cannot be sufficiently regretted. Since he left the precision and vigour of both the orchestra and chorus have but too evidently diminished, and it is hardly a matter of surprise, when it is considered that three conductors, Esser, Proch, and Dessoff, supply his place alternately, and thereby prevent the possibility of that unity of feeling so absolutely necessary between a band and its conductor, which can only be attained by long and constant practice with each other. It is to this system of divided management that the decline of the Kärntnerthor Opera House is to be attributed. Its effect is observable in every branch of the establishment. Most evident in the band and chorus, it is also apparent on the stage in the slovenly costumes and careless *mise en scène*. Let us hope the system will be changed, and before it is too late. Comte Lanzaoransky regain your vigour, and don't let the Opera House, which formerly was an honour to you, lose its reputation through your indifference and neglect.

MADAME CSILLAG.—A life-size bust of this eminent prima donna, by Mr. Morton Edwards, is being exhibited. Of great merit as a work of art, it is also interesting as a likeness of the gifted artist, the sculptor having imparted to the "soulless marble" the characteristic expression and dignity of his subject. In this respect Mr. Edwards has followed the true principles of portraiture whether in painting or sculpture. With the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds in favour of the opinion, we believe character, that is to say, individuality, to be of greater importance in this branch of the imitative art than a servile copy of the features. When sculpture was in its infancy the power of merely producing the likeness of any object was considered as one of its greatest efforts. The ignorant of the principles of the art talk the same language even to the present day. But when it was found that every man could do this, and a great deal more, by the observance of certain precepts, the name of genius then shifted its application and was given only to him who added the peculiar character of the object he represented; to him who had expression and grace, in short, those qualities or excellencies, the power of producing which is not the result of mere imitation; imitation being, in fact, only the means by which the sculptor presents his ideas to the spectator, while expression and grace are the manifestations of his genius. The sculptor's art is limited in comparison to others. Its essence is anatomical correctness, and when to perfect form is added (so to speak) the intellectual qualities of grace, dignity of character, and appropriate expression, its purpose may be said to have been accomplished. A bust, correctly modelled, and presenting the characteristic expression of the original, will be recognised by all (although each feature may not individually be exactly copied) and excite the admiration of the connoisseur by the means by which the resemblance is produced. It is not, however, our intention any more than our vocation, to discourse upon the art of sculpture. We have been led to make the foregoing remarks by the apparent excellence of Mr. Morton Edwards' bust of Mad. Csillag, which we strongly advise our readers to see and criticise for themselves.

Letters to the Editor.

A NEW DODGE.

SIR,—On Saturday evening last a cart with three men drove up to my door, and said they came for a Collard's piano, for which they were sent by that firm. There was only one servant in the house at the time, but she fortunately had some experience of the deeds of London thieves, and very properly declined to deliver up my piano, which happens to be one by the makers in question. Had she allowed them to enter they would doubtless have gagged her, and not only carried off the instrument, but everything else they could lay their hands on, for I have since ascertained from Messrs. Collard that they had not sent any cart in my direction for several days, and that consequently the men must form part of a gang organised for the commission of such robberies. As it was, they went away grumbling that they should be obliged to depart empty-handed after coming such a distance.

I must remark, in addition, that the men could not give the name of the person to whom they were to apply for the piano, and that they doubtless selected Saturday as a safe day for the attempt, as for many weeks past I have left town on that day, which they must have observed.

You may possibly deem it worth while to insert this as a warning to unsuspicious housekeepers; and, trusting that it may be the means of frustrating similar plots,

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
CAVEAT LATRO.

No. 11—NOT No. 2.

DEAR SIR,—I observe that in the *MUSICAL WORLD* of the 10th inst., "Your own Correspondent" at Belfast has been inaccurate in stating that "Haydn's Symphony No. 2" was performed at the recent concert given by the Anacreontic Society, on the 6th inst. It was No. 11 of the Symphonies composed by Haydn for the Salaman concerts which was produced, and which was admirably executed by the amateurs of the Society, and by the professional gentlemen engaged for the occasion.

The symphony was highly applauded by the audience.

I am, dear Sir, Yours most truly,

JOHN C. BORD,
Vice Pres. of the Belfast Anacreontic Society.

LEEDS DOINGS.

SIR,—You delivered a very strong anathema last week upon certain performances at the Leeds Town Hall concerts, more especially did you marvel at the "Organ and Pianoforte" accompaniment to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, and strike terror into the heart of poor Master Tilney for having dared to compose and perform new variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

Allow me to explain, in reference to the *Loreley* accompaniment, that as the society can only occasionally afford to have a band, works of this class can rarely be heard with more than a pianoforte accompaniment, or else they must be sealed to the multitude.

The organ was only added in this instance to give effect to certain passages for the wind instruments, which would otherwise have been lost with the piano solus. By persons well able to judge, the result was considered excellent, and by no means to be despised, in the unavoidable absence of a band.

Whole operas were given last season by Mrs. Wood, Mr. Burton, &c., with piano accompaniment only: surely, then, the addition of such an orchestral instrument as our grand organ, if judiciously managed, is not to be condemned.

Touching Master Tilney's sin, will you allow me to ask (as you attack the principle only), in what respect his wickedness differeth from that of Dr. Chipp and others, who have done "The Harmonious Blacksmith" with their own variations, and left Handel to look after himself?

If I remember rightly, too, you lauded the Chipp composition

after its performance on the organ at one of the Birmingham Festivals!

Now, seeing that you cannot know whether the Tilney variations (undoubtedly clever) are not equal to the Chipp ones, *why* do you blame the one and praise the other for the same act of commission?

I beg to send you by this post a copy of Chipp's "Harmonious Blacksmith," for your inspection and digestion.

Respectfully yours,
LEEDSER.

Leeds, Nov. 29, 1860.

[In a certain reign, which need not be specified, several of the clans of Scotland seemed to expect with impatience the arrival of the *Chevalier*, who was known to have been at Bar-le-Duc. These several of the clans of Scotland were in hopes, when the *Chevalier* should have arrived in their part of the kingdom, of ravaging the estates of gentlemen, remarkable for their zeal to the House of Hanover. *The members for that part of Britain did not dissemble their fears on this occasion.* Cold air in the extreme is almost as bad as hot. *Mundus alter et idem.* W. Spark, you're wanted.—PETIPACE.]

CHURCH PSALMODY IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

Sir,—The tune before the sermon here on Sunday last was "Rousseau's Dream" to a funeral psalm!! What next?

Mr. Charles Horsley in the admirable preface to his *Eighty-four Church Tunes* (an excellent work), says:—

"Whatever talent the author of this composition possessed, one of the last of accusations that can be brought against him was any belief in, or respect for, the doctrines of Christianity; and, though I have no proof of my assertion, I have not the slightest doubt that this tune, bad in melody and worse in harmony, has already been put to the profane use that can disgrace any community; and yet it is found introduced into the service of the Church!"

"Rousseau's Dream" to a funeral psalm at the church of a fashionable watering-place in the nineteenth century!!! What next? I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE, Mus. Doc. M.A.

8, Steyne, Bognor, Nov. 26, 1860.

["Rousseau's Dream" was not Rousseau's dream, but a waking thought of another musicaster. Agent, patient; speculative, practick; habit, act; simple, compound: these are the common divisions of the understanding. *Synteresis*—*dictamen rationis*—CONSCIENCE, is another matter, as both Horsley and Fowle should know. "*Apostatare facit cor*"—said a wise man. But he was alluding to another matter.—PETIPACE.]

HERR MOLIQUÉ AND THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—The 50 guineas presented to Herr Moliqué by the committee of the Norwich Festival, as remuneration for his successful oratorio of *Abraham*, has been returned by the composer, with a request that that sum should be appropriated to charities.

MR. WALTER LACY.—"This gentleman's Don Salluste, in the play of *Ruy Blas*," says the *London Review*, "is as perfect a piece of stage representation of the cold-blooded, self-possessed demon of the scene, as the imagination of the spectator, wrought up to the highest pitch by the vivid portraiture of Victor Hugo, can conceive. The rigid muscle, the fixed eye, the calm hollow voice, the imperturbable stony face, and the withering sneer, embodied all the salient points of the fiend, who plots a scheme of vengeance, distinguished amongst dramatic scenes for its heartless atrocity. Mr. Lacy never for a moment loses sight of his object, his soul is in it, you see it in the turn of his eye—the curl of his lip—the movement of his hands, and in that pitiless voice which runs to the heart like a bolt of ice."

LONDON TONIC SOL-FA.

THE London Tonic Sol-Fa Choir gave a concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday night, which attracted a large audience, chiefly made up, it is reasonable to believe, of the friends and relations of the pupils. The principles upon which the Tonic Sol-Fa system of instruction is based, and the aim and hopes of its abettors, must be tolerably familiar to our musical readers. What it comprises of tangible and possible, has been dwelt upon; in what respect it must be looked upon as restricted, and in a certain sense utopian, has been pointed out. A new musical language for general application is neither necessary nor practicable. We cannot begin reprinting in strange characters all that has been produced which is worth preserving, and even the disciples of the Tonic Sol-Fa, if they are desirous of becoming acquainted with the existing treasures of art, must make themselves proficient in the established system of notation, which to judge from their announcements, is tacitly admitted by themselves. If, however, it be true, as is stated, that no less than 150,000 pupils, under the guidance of some 700 teachers, in various parts of Great Britain, are receiving instructions in singing on the Tonic Sol-Fa system, the fact that a vast number of persons are usefully employed, whose leisure time might be devoted to much less worthy purposes, is beyond dispute. All such associations deserve encouragement, their moral influence being as highly beneficial as their practical tendency is healthy and civilising.

The London choir, under the direction of Mr. W. S. Young, forms only a small contingent of the general body of Tonic Sol-Fa-ists, and is probably not the most striking example of its average degree of cultivation. Several of the compositions introduced in Tuesday night's programme were by no means well given, the intonation being unsatisfactory, the delivery of the voices abrupt and inharmonious, and nothing distinguishing the performance from ordinary exhibitions but a sort of dry mechanical precision seldom obtained, moreover, until after the first start, which was invariably more or less unsteady. In other pieces these deficiencies were less apparent, in some scarcely at all; and this goes far to prove that they might, with proper care, be speedily and altogether amended. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

"The National Anthem" . . .	Arranged by Mr. Henry Leslie.
"I will give thanks" . . .	Palestrina.
"We hail thee, glad spring time" . . .	Arranged from Auber. (!)
"Moonlight song of the fairies" . . .	W. B. Bradbury.
"Skylark's song" . . .	Mendelssohn.
"The little church" . . .	V. E. Becker.
"See our oars" . . .	Sir John Stevenson.
"Beautiful star" . . .	Sayles.
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind" . . .	Stevens.
"When the earth is hush'd" . . .	De Cull.
"Envy, eldest-born of hell" . . .	Handel.
"Hail, smiling morn" . . .	Spofforth.

PART II.

"Call John" . . .	Meyerbeer.
"Greeting" . . .	Kalliwoda.
"Return of spring" . . .	Mendelssohn.
"O hills, O vales of pleasure" . . .	Horsley.
"See the chariot at hand" . . .	Arranged by A. Neithardt.
"The blue bells of Scotland" . . .	From the German Music Hall.
"Life's pleasant sail" . . .	P. S. Gilmore.
"Good news from home" . . .	Stevens.
"From Oberon in Fairyland" . . .	Eliza Flower.
"Now pray we for our country" . . .	

Several things included in the above were radically unsuited to the object in view. To cite one remarkable instance, the chorus entitled "Greeting" involved a display of questionable taste on the part of the concoctors no less than of questionable execution on that of the singers. The name of Meyerbeer is attached to this piece, which is nothing better than a mutilated abridgment of the opening chorus in *Robert le Diable*, presented, too, in such a manner as virtually to strip it of its harmonious beauty. Such practices are, to say the least, reprehensible; and it is to be hoped that "Greeting" is not to be looked upon as a fair specimen of the

contents of the *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, to the fourth volume of which, as the book of the words informs us, it belongs. The effusion which bears the name of "Call John" (Part II.), extracted from the same compilation, was perhaps intended as a satire on that portion of the musical community which has hitherto failed to discover the peculiar merits of the Tonic Sol-Fa method of vocal instruction. "Chorus" may stand for the majority of amateurs; "John" for their would-be enlighteners:—

(Chorus) Call John! John! John!
 Louder, louder, louder,
 John! John! John!
 (John) Well! well! what d'ye want of John?
 (Chorus) Oh John! oh John! can you tell us?
 (John) Tell you what?
 (Chorus) Oh John! Oh John! Oh John!
 John! John! John! Can you tell us?
 (John) Tell you what?
 (Chorus) Tell us how? (John) How to what?
 (Chorus) How to sing? (John) Sing what?
 (Chorus) This song
 (John) How to sing this song? Yes, yes.
Fah, me, ray, do, me, ray, do—
 (Chorus) No, no, no. (John) *Soh, me, do, ray;*
 (Chorus) No, no, no. (John) *Soh, fah, me, ray, do, me,*
ray, do.
 (Chorus) No, no, no. (John) *Soh, me, do, ray, me, ray, do.*
 (Chorus) No, no, no, Johnny! Johnny! Can you tell us,
 Tell us how to sing this song?
 (John) No, no, no, never will I teach you how to sing.
 (Chorus) Ha! ha! ha! John! John! We've learn'd
 this song.
 (John) No, no, such a set of blunderheads
 Will never learn to sing.

Nevertheless, if teachers of the new system were not more explicit than "John," the world might for ever remain in darkness on this particular subject. Happily, to all accounts they are, and "Fah, me, ray, do," &c., shuffled up no matter how many times, does not represent the whole of their professional stock in trade. "Call John," though in no respect a composition distinguished for beauty, in a strictly musical sense, was declaimed (*sung* would be hardly the word) with remarkable vigour, and welcomed with clamorous enthusiasm. The audience seemed as though they could never tire of it. Whether this hearty reception of a piece so entirely unmeritorious, and (with deference) so vulgar, is an incident upon which the promoters of the "Tonic Sol-Fa" may be felicitated may, we think, be open to doubt. Far more gratifying to all who regard their very praiseworthy efforts from a serious point of view, and for legitimate reasons wish them success, must have been the smooth and correct delivery of Mendelssohn's part-song, "O hills, O vales of pleasure." Music such as this cannot fail to work good to whatever cause may invoke its co-operation, its simplicity being not more inviting than its feeling is poetical and genuine. Each successive rehearsal of so chaste and beautiful a piece is calculated to improve the taste and elevate the ideas of beginners, under whatever system their studies may be pursued; and they who have the direction of the Tonic Sol-Fa movement throughout the country—a movement which, according to the manner in which it is controlled, may be one of real importance, or, to say no worse, of comparative insignificance—should be anxious to include as much of the pure element in their course of instruction as expediency will allow, and as little of what is spurious, trivial or corrupt. Tuesday night's programme contained much that was good, but left as much to desire; conveying, moreover, in its general outline, no evidence of a clear and definite aim. How to sing should not be the whole and sole object in contemplation, *what to sing* involving, under the circumstances, a question of at least equal significance.—*Times*.

BURNS' COTTAGE.—We understand that Mr. James Allan, butler to Sir Edward Hunter Blair of Blairquhan, is to become tenant of Burns' cottage, having been selected from a number of offerers by the Incorporation of Shoemakers, to whom the property belongs.—*Ayrshire Express*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The third concert was in no way less attractive than its predecessors, and again, in spite of a drenching and incessant rain, was the cheerful large hall filled by an audience bent upon enjoying another of those excellent programmes which the directors know so well how to provide. Of the four instrumental pieces by Beethoven (to whose compositions the instrumental part of the programme was confined), three were heard here for the first time, showing that the management fully intends carrying out the promise made in the inaugural address of "varying the entertainments as much as practicable, and frequently presenting new selections." The exception to the novelties was the quartet in C minor (No. 4, Op. 18), first introduced by M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, and Signor Piatti, on March the 21st, 1859, and now repeated by desire. In parts suggestive of Mozart, yet stamped throughout with the individuality of Beethoven, it would be difficult to find in the whole range of its author's works a more charming composition, or one more likely to grow upon the hearer at each repetition. That it was rendered to admiration by MM. Sainton, Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti, we need hardly say, nor that it commanded breathless attention and the heartiest applause. The grand sonata in E flat (Op. 7) for pianoforte *solo* (dedicated to the Countess Keglevics) created the liveliest sensation. Mr. Charles Hallé's reading and execution of this fine work were alike masterly, and it is worth noting that he played the whole from memory. Herr Von Lenz, the rhapsodical panegyrist of Beethoven, finds no praise too lavish, no simile too extravagant, in speaking of this sonata; but listening attentively from beginning to end we failed to realise either the "*gerbes de feu*" in the *allegro*, the "tear dropped from the eye of a Magdalen in the vale of sorrow" in the *largo*, or the "joyous company on the greensward," &c., in the *scherzo*; far less the "child tormenting the may-bug, and not desisting until he has torn off its last leg," in the minor episode of the *rondo finale*. Fortunately the position of Beethoven is too surely established to be shaken; but had he been an ordinary composer we should have trembled for his reputation. The analyses of Herr Lenz are too frothy to inflict much injury. In the sonata in F major (No. 1, Op. 5) for pianoforte and violoncello, Mr. Charles Hallé enjoyed the co-operation of Signor Piatti, and with two such artists the performance, as may be imagined, was irreproachable. The sonata (in two movements, only—like that of Mozart for violin and piano, introduced last week) will doubtless be repeated. The grand trio (G major, No 2, Op. 1), in which the last-named gentlemen were joined by M. Sainton, although coming at the end of the programme, gave as much delight as any of the pieces that preceded it. Miss Gerard's nervousness interfered with her success in a very charming song from Mr. Macfarren's *King Charles II.*, "Can'st thou deem my heart is changing?" and Beethoven's lovely air, "Know'st thou the land?" Mr. Santley sang Benedict's "Portrait-song" from *The Gipsy's Warning*, and the song of Figaro in the last act of *La Nozze*, "Aprite un po quegli occhi," both with admirable effect. The selection from Spohr, Dussek, and Weber, which afforded so much satisfaction on the opening night, will be repeated by general desire on Monday, with the same artists. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist.—*DODINAS*.

THE FESTIVALS OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—A final winding up of the accounts of our late Festival has now taken place, the Rev. R. Sargeant, Hon. Sec., having this week received from the Earl of Coventry, who, it will be remembered, was prevented attending the Festival owing to absence from the county, the munificent donation of 100*l.* to be added to the liberal sum already subscribed for the charity. The total amount thus received, therefore, is 1,314*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*, which exceeds the amount realised for the charity at the Worcester Festival of 1857 by no less than 281*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*, besides the surplus of profit (65*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*), which will be invested as already explained in the columns of the *Journal*. The largest collection ever made at these festivals, prior to 1860, was made at Gloucester last year, when 1,143*l.* 3*s.* 0*d.* was received, but the Worcester collection this year exceeds that amount by no less than 171*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.* We are glad to notice that already, before the last sounds of the Worcester Festival have well died out, the indefatigable conductor at Hereford—Mr. G. Townshend Smith—is exerting himself to make the next gathering of the Three Choirs, which will take place in that city in the autumn of 1861, at least as successful as those which have preceded it there. We announced at the close of our late festival that he had already obtained a good list of stewards for the next meeting, and the

following are the names of noblemen and gentlemen who have expressed their willingness to act in that capacity:—Lord William Graham, M.P.; Hon. J. F. T. W. Fiennes; Hon. C. S. B. Hanbury, M.P.; Sir Wm. Curtis, Bart. (2nd time); J. King, King, Esq., M.P.; H. Mildmay, Esq., M.P.; Col. Clifford, M.P.; B. Botfield, Esq., M.P.; S. Allaway, Esq., (2nd time); J. H. Arkwright, Esq. (3rd time); Rev. G. Arkwright; Rev. J. Bullock (2nd time); Rev. T. H. Bird; T. Dew, Esq.; W. Brewster, Esq.; Rev. E. Hampden; Rev. E. B. Hawkshaw; T. Hill, Esq.; Rev. H. C. Key; A. R. B. Knight, Esq. (2nd time); Rev. Prebendary Lee; Rev. W. B. Mynors; Rev. Prebendary Poole; R. Webb, Esq.; Rev. H. O. Wilson. These gentlemen stipulate that their individual pecuniary responsibility shall not exceed 25*l*.; but there is no reason why they should be mulcted so heavily, if the inhabitants of the county will only come forward in a commendable spirit and support the proposition which has been started for providing a guarantee fund, as has been done at Worcester on former occasions, when the Worcester Festivals were less prosperous than they have been of late years. A beginning in this way has been made, and at a meeting held at Hereford, on Wednesday, a 250*l*. was put down as subscriptions to the fund.—*Worcester Journal*.

SCARBOROUGH.—Now that the season is drawing to a close, we are but fulfilling a duty to Mr. W. Williams, conductor of the Spa band, in congratulating him on the able and satisfactory manner in which he has discharged his duties, and the manner in which music of the higher order (together with the lighter music of the day), has been rendered Praise is no less due to Mr. Smith, the general manager, for the energy and taste he has displayed in catering for the amusement of the public during this (his first) season. A further prolongation of the musical engagements at the Spa, we have no doubt, would form an important aid in bringing about the much-needed extension of the season at Scarborough.—*Scarborough Gazette*.

Advertisements.

S T. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FOURTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

Will take place

On MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1860,

When the Selection exclusively selected from the Works of

SPOHR, DUSSEK, AND WEBER.

Which was received with so much favour at the First Concert (November 12th) will be repeated, by general desire.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in G minor, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Spohr), Herr BECKER, Herr RIIS, Herr SCHREURS and Signor PIATTI. Song, "Rose softly blooming" (Spohr), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Canonet, "Name the glad day" (Dussek), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Sonata, in C major, Op. 24, Pianoforte solus (Weber), Mr. CHARLES HALLE.

PART II.—Sonata, in B flat, Op. 69, Pianoforte and Violin (Dussek), Herr BECKER and Mr. CHARLES HALLE. Song, "If a youth should meet a maiden," Der Freischütz (Weber), Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Romance, "The clouds by tempests may be driven," Der Freischütz (Weber), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Duet, "Come be gay," Der Freischütz (Weber), Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and Miss AUGUSTA THOMSON. Quartet, in B flat, Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (Weber), Mr. CHARLES HALLE, Herr BECKER, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5*s*.; balcony, 3*s*.; unreserved seats, 1*s*. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 29, Piccadilly; and the principal music publishers.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Last Six Nights of Titians and Gluglini. This Evening (Saturday) December 1, for the last night but three, ROBIN HOOD. Positive re-appearance of SIMS REEVES, supported by SARTLEY, PATEY PARKINSON, BARTLEMAN, LEMAIRE, and LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. In active preparation, a new opera, entitled QUEEN TOPAZE, in which Mlle. PARFA, Mlle. ALLESANDRI, Mr. SARTLEY, Mr. PATEY, and Mr. SWIFT will appear. Commence at 8 o'clock each evening. Reduced prices.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Last Two Performances before Christmas—THIS EVENING (Saturday), Dec. 1, Her Majesty's Servants will perform FORTY AND FIFTY. After which the new comedy, THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET DOUX, in which Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATTHEWS will appear. To conclude with Sheridan's CRITIC; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed. Sir Fredric Plagiarist and Puff, Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS; Don Whiskerandoo, Mr. R. ROSEY; Tibbuna, Miss E. ARDEN. Doors open at half-past 6; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 o'clock daily.

Notice.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

THE general meeting of the Philharmonic Society (annually held in November) has taken place, and resolutions have been adopted which are calculated to satisfy every true friend of the institution. If the Philharmonic is not exactly in the position of Ajax defying the lightning, it at least disdains to emulate the self-denying reticence of Bede the younger. Brother Gye must look up a Dinah on his own account; at Hanover Square he will search in vain for a mildly relinquishing Seth. That accommodating "methody" finds no parallel in Pope Anderson, who seems to share the obstinacy, without the faint-heartedness, of Pius IX. His army shall be neither a French army, nor an army of mechanics, but an army of genuine Philharmonic troops, led on to victory by Generalissimo Sterndale Bennett.

We have reason to believe that no general meeting ever took place at which more unanimity was expressed than at the general meeting of the Philharmonic Society, on Monday week. The wave that threatened to annihilate the institution has not quite overwhelmed it. That is clear from the result. Not foolhardy enough to endeavour to breast it, and thus be carried away, the members prudently "ducked," and allowed it to pass over their heads. They have got soaked a little, it is true, but nothing worse.

If report lies not, the Covent Garden people are beginning to hesitate. The Philharmonic Concerts will not do in Floral Hall. Mr. Alfred Mellon is aware of that. Nevertheless, the Philharmonic Concerts must go on; and the mere notion of their being swamped by a conspiracy has enlisted a world of sympathy in their behalf. The members know it well; strong faith within has encouraged them to pass strong measures; and they are likely rather to be gainers than losers by the crisis that, a month since, astonished them to a member.

One of the resolutions, carried *nem. con.*, is extremely significant. Instead of six concerts, there are, in the forthcoming season, to be eight. The return to the old system will be hailed with delight by every amateur. Sixteen symphonies, as many overtures, and at least eight concertos (for pianoforte or violin) will form something more like a substantial Philharmonic budget than the restricted supply of recent years. Moreover, in reducing the number of their performances from eight to six, the Philharmonic Society had cried "Peccavi," when there was really no reason for any such confession. Another important and straightforward decision was adopted, which will probably confer an equal amount of gratification on the musical world. It was resolved *unanimously* that no change should be made in the nights of performance; that the time-honoured Mondays should be again consecrated to the classic muse of harmony; and that no proposition to the contrary, from whatever source, or on whatever pretext, should be entertained for one instant.

As Agrippa's dog (Cornelius, not Menenius) had a devil tied to his collar, some think that Paracelsus (Theophrastus Bombastes, &c.) had one confined to his sword pommel (or else that Erastus belied him. Others, it was once generally believed, wore devils in their rings. But this is neither here nor there, unless it be beside the question. *Nihil intellectus quod non prius fuit in sensu.* Notions are twofold—actions or habits. "*On ne se soucie pas*" (says Pascal), *d'être estimé dans les villes où on ne fait que passer; mais quand on y doit demeurer un peu de tems, on s'en soucie.*" "How long a time is necessary?"—asks of himself the French philosopher. "Just so long"—answers to himself the French philosopher—"as is proportioned to our *durée vaine et chétive*" (our vain and feeble sojourn). The same proposition holds with *salles de concerts* as with "*villes*." The directors of the Philharmonic Society have been reading Pascal at the eleventh hour. "No one,"—says John Stuart Mill—"can be a great thinker who does not recognise that, as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead." The same holds with Philharmonic directors, who may or may not be great thinkers, but who have followed the conclusion to which their intellect led in the contemplation of an anticipated crisis. They have looked it boldly in the face, and outlived it!

Of the eight concerts, two will take place before Easter. *Bravo!* Professor Sterndale Bennett is re-appointed conductor. *Bravissimo!* There is even a talk of two rehearsals, instead of one only, for each concert. Better and better, if this should turn out sooth. One rehearsal is no rehearsal; and thus the first rehearsal and the performance become too often synonyme.

What follows involves grave matter for consideration. "Any members of the orchestra," (we quote from memory of hearsay) "who may *find themselves*," ("find themselves"—good) "precluded by engagements *made elsewhere*," ("made elsewhere"—not bad) "from accepting the engagement offered by the Philharmonic Society for the Monday evenings pre-specified, will, as a matter of, however disagreeable ("however *disagreeable*"—capital!), necessity, be replaced by substitutes, appointed, *not necessarily by themselves*, but (necessarily) by the Philharmonic Directors."

Finis coronat opus. Cæsar, Brutus, Metellus Cimber, and even Antony must ruminate before proceeding further in this venture, adventure, or (to cite Sancho) "misadventure."

PETIPACE.

ADDISON'S satirical articles on the Italian Opera, in the *Spectator*, would probably be liked, though not truly relished, by the editor of the *Scotsman*; for he would be quite unable to appreciate their admirable humour. By musicians, however, they are often spoken of as ill-natured and unjust, and are ascribed—somewhat unfairly, as it seems to us—to the annoyance, it is supposed, Addison must have felt at the failure of his opera of *Rosamond*, which had been set to music by the most ignorant and malicious impostor of his day.* This, however, is politely to assume what Addison's life, as a whole, will not allow us to believe, that he never blamed except in revenge for some personal loss, or praised except in the hope of some personal gain. And, after

* Clayton, who, afterwards supported by two other musicians named Haym and Dieupart, proposed, under the auspices of Steele, to rescue their art from the "barbarism, under an affectation of knowledge," into which it had fallen since the arrival of Handel in England!

all, what *has* Addison said against the Opera—an entertainment which he certainly enjoyed, or he would not have attended it so often, or have devoted so many excellent papers to it? The *Spectator* was written from day to day, and was certainly not intended for *our* entertainment; yet who can fail to be amused at the description of the stage king "who spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English;" and of the lover who "frequently made his court and gained the heart of his princess in a language which she did not understand?" What, too, in this style of humour, can be better than the notion of the audience "getting tired of understanding half the opera, and to ease themselves of the trouble of thinking so ordering it that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue;" or of the performers who, for all the audience knew to the contrary, might be "calling them names and abusing them among themselves;" or of the probable reflection of the future historian, that "in the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England that operas were acted on the public stage in that language?" On the other hand, we have not, it is true, heard yet of any historian publishing the remark suggested by Addison, probably because those historians who go the opera—and who does not?—are quite aware that to understand an Italian opera it is not at all necessary to have a knowledge of the Italian language. The Italian singers might abuse us at their ease, especially in concerted pieces and in grand *finales*; but they might, in the same way, and equally without fear of detection, abuse their own countrymen. However, it is a great mistake to inquire too closely into the foundation on which a joke stands when the joke itself is good; and we are almost ashamed, as it is, of having said so much on the subject of Addison's pleasantries, when the pleasantries spoke so well for themselves.

The only portion of Addison's longest paper on the opera that can be treated in perfect seriousness is that which begins, "If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for performances of a much higher nature, &c." Now we fancy the recent political condition of Italy sufficiently proves that music could not save a country from national degradation; but neither had painting nor an admirable poetic literature done so. It is also better, no doubt, that a man should learn his duty to God and to his neighbour than that he should cultivate harmony; but why not do both, and above all, why compare like with unlike? Allow that the "performances of a much higher nature," than music exist; at least they do not answer the same end? If it could be shown that the more general science on which that of astronomy rests was a nobler study than music, it at the same time could not be maintained (except perhaps by the editor of the *Scotsman*) that there was anything consoling, or *per se*, elevating in mathematics? Poetry, again, would by many persons be classed higher than music, though the effect of half poetry, of imaginative literature generally, is to place the reader in a state of reverie, such as music induces more immediately and more perfectly. The enjoyment of art—by which we do not mean its production, or its critical examination, but the pure enjoyment of the artistic result—has nothing strictly intellectual in it. No man could grow wise by looking at Raphael, or listening to Mozart. Neither does he derive any intellectual ideas from some of our most beautiful poems, but simply delight of an elevated kind, such as is given by fine music. Music is evidently not didactic, and painting can only teach in the ordinary sense of the word what every one already knows; though of course a painter can depict

certain aspects of nature and of the human face, previously unobserved and unimagined, just as the composer in giving a musical expression to certain sentiments and passions can rouse in us emotions previously dormant, or at all events, never experienced before with so much intensity. But the fine arts cannot communicate abstract truths—from which it chiefly follows, that no right-minded artist ever uses them with such an aim; though there is no saying that some wild enthusiast will not endeavour to express, and other enthusiasts equally wild pretend to see, in symphonies, whether of the past, the present, or the future, and in big symbolical pictures, such as the admirably-painted fresco by Kaulbach, on the walls of the Neue Museum at Berlin, which explains to every one (after he has read the long printed description of the work) that the fall of Babel and the destruction of Babylon meant and were precisely the same thing.

But why, it will be said, should we argue about music with the editor of the *Scotsman*? Heaven preserve us from any such folly! We are merely publishing a few remarks for the perusal of our intelligent readers who may have been shocked by the barbarism of this Piet, and may wish to see him put to shame. It is a strange thing, nevertheless, that the editor of the *Scotsman* should not like music. Shakspeare had somewhat of a taste for it, and we all know what he says of the man who has "no music in his soul," and of the dark conspiracies and other *political performances** for which he is fitted. Milton was passionately fond of music; and let the editor of the *Scotsman* ask Mr. David Masson whether the author of "Paradise Lost" did not address three Latin poems to Leonora Baroni singing at Rome—*ad Leonoram Romæ canentem*? Molière's plays are full of allusions to music of such a nature, that they prove him to have had a practical acquaintance with the art. (Let the editor of the *Scotsman* consult on this subject "*Molière musicien*," par C. Blaze,—price [we regret to say] 15 francs). Finally, Rabelais was not only a musician by taste, but was actually a fiddler and a singing-master. At all events, when violin playing was in its infancy in France, he understood what was in his time considered the wonderful art of shifting or *démancer*-ing the instrument.

"*Panurge*," he says, "*ces mots achevez, jecta au milieu du parquet une grosse bourse de cuir pleine d'escus au soleil. Au son de la bourse commencèrent tous les chats fourrez jouer des gryphes, comme si feussent violons desmanchez.*"

PANTAGRUEL, LIVRE IV. CHAPITRE 13. Rabelais is known moreover to have opened a singing-school at Meudon, which he himself directed.

The two greatest poets of England, the two greatest comic writers of France, loved music (it being tolerably certain that at least three out of the four practised it), and yet the editor of the *Scotsman* undervalues it and hates it! The thing passes belief.

We fancy what the editor of the *Scotsman* really objects to in music is, that he cannot get any solid, material advantage out of it. "You can't eat it, and you can't drink it, and you can't put it on your back," as a Caledonian manufacturer is said to have observed, when asked to set a value upon a certain picture. But the editor of the *Scotsman* can obtain real bodily profit out of sweet sounds, as out of

medicinal waters, if he only knows how to set about it. Let him study and derive what good he can from the following account of the wonderful curative powers of music, as given by that great musician, Rabelais:—

"COMMENT LA QUINTE ESSENCE GUARISSOIT LES MALADES
PAR CHANSONS.

* * * * * Vous, en vostres royaumes, avez quelques roys les quelz fantastiquement guarissent d'aucunes maladies, comme scrophule, malsacré, fièvres quartes, par seule apposition des mains, ceste nostre royne de toutes maladies guarit sans y toucher, seulement leur sonnant une chanson selon la compétence du mal. Puy nous monstra les orgues, desquelles sonnant, faisoit ses admirables guarisons. Selles estoient de façon bien estrange. Car les tuyaulx estoient de casse en canon, le sommier de gaiac, les marchettes de rheubarbe, le supped de turbith, le clavier de scammonie."

Lors que considérons ceste admirable et nouvelle structure d'orgues, par ses abstracteurs... et autres siens officiers, feurent les lepreux introduictz: elle leur sonna une chanson, je ne scay quelle, feurent soubdain et parfaitement guariz. Puy feurent introduictz les empoisonnez et les Escossois et gens debout. Puy les aveugles, les sourds, les muetz, les resdacteurs apoplectiques, leur appliquant de mesme."

If the editor of the *Scotsman* can make nothing out of the above Rabelaisian anecdote, we recommend to his attention the following extract from the "*Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier*," which seems to show that the Scotchmen of the present day are a great deal too much like the Scotchmen of two hundred years since:—"Le Roi d'Angleterre (Charles II.) vint me conduire jusqu'à mon logis par la galerie qui va du Louvre aux Tuileries; et le long du chemin il ne me parla que de la misérable vie qu'il avait menée en Ecosse; qu'il n'y avait pas une femme; que les gens étaient si rustres, qu'ils croyaient que c'était un péché d'entendre des violons." DINADAM.

IT is at length decided that the customary Festival of the Three Choirs will take place at Hereford next year, although at one time great fears were entertained that this important musical event would fall to the ground for want of sufficient funds. Thanks, however, to the energy and determination of the present chairman, J. H. Arkwright, Esq., of Hampton Court (chairman of the festival, by the way, for the third time), aided by the stewards—at the head of whom figure Lord William Graham, M.P., the Hon. J. F. T. W. Fiennes, Hon. C. S. B. Hanbury, M.P., and Sir William Curtis, Bart.—the triennial meeting is not merely determined upon, but is likely to prove an entire success. Twenty-six gentlemen have accepted office as stewards, on condition that they are not to be responsible for a deficiency beyond 650*l*. The Mayor of Hereford, B. Botfield, Esq., M.P., in compliance with a general wish, has added his name to the list of stewards; so that already a powerful *prestige* attaches to the forthcoming meeting, and nothing more is required than a Guarantee Fund, in case the loss should be greater than the sums for which the stewards have made themselves answerable, to make the prospects of the Festival in the highest degree promising. Through the exertions and untiring energies of Mr. Townshend Smith, Honorary Secretary, the subscriptions to the Guarantee Fund have already realised nearly 350*l*.; so that at this moment, even should no more additions be made to the list of subscribers, the stewards have only rendered themselves

* Talking of "political performances" (of which the editor of the *Scotsman* declares musicians to be incapable) we are reminded that Farinelli, the organist, was minister at the Court of Spain—not as ambassador, but as minister of state. A soprano in the cabinet! To what political position, then, might not a manly tenor or baritone of the present day aspire?

liable to 12*l.* or 13*l.* each to make up the deficit. At the head of the subscribers to the Guarantee Fund stands the Venerable the Archdeacon of Hereford, who, although continuing to entertain objections to musical performances in the cathedral, has put down his name for 25*l.*; while Messrs. Bulmer and Whitfield give the next largest sum, 10*l.*, and Mr. Townshend Smith's name is conspicuous among the 5*l.* donors. Further, it may be worthy of mention that the Dean and Chapter of Hereford have granted the use of the nave of the cathedral for the performance of oratorios and other sacred compositions, and another portion of the building for the daily celebration of choral service.

The cessation of the Hereford Festival would have involved a serious loss to the cause of charity. The collection in 1857, amounting to 1064*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, was greater than on any former occasion, which was equally the case at the last meetings both of Worcester and Gloucester. It would have been a disgrace to the town corporate and shire of Hereford to have suffered the discontinuance of the Triennial Meeting, which for so many years had benefited the inhabitants of the old cathedral town by the influx of visitors, conferred new life and enjoyment on a remote and listless locality, and rescued hundreds from the grasp of want and misery. The people of Hereford are indebted more than they are aware of to Mr. Townshend Smith, to the stewards, and to the subscribers to the Guarantee Fund, for upholding the honour of their fair city.

ANGUSH.

IN again placing the oratorio of *Solomon* before their subscribers and the public, the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society have done wisely. The works of Handel must necessarily be their chief stock in trade, and to fairly represent his colossal genius, *Solomon* must be entered on the list among his better known achievements, the *Messiah*, *Israel*, *Samson*, the *Dettingen Te Deum*. It is our invariable custom to attend performances of Handel's oratorios, and if we rank *Solomon* as a work in which the interest to musicians is not of the same stamp as in the others we have mentioned, we do not by any means think it should be neglected. It was, during the season before last, twice performed, and listened to with unqualified satisfaction. While we think the scene of the two mothers before *Solomon* is too prolonged, and that the libretto is one of the worst that ever troubled Handel, we are not forgetful that "From the censer," and the series of choruses (with contralto solo) commencing, "Music, spread thy voice around," are amongst his most gigantic inspirations; that "May no rash intruder" is not only of marvellous beauty, but that being the only specimen of its style, it has no rival. *Solomon*, too, has an overture of great value as an orchestral study, which fitly inaugurates an oratorio wherein instrumental excellence is preserved unimpaired throughout. The work, as performed at Exeter Hall, is much curtailed from its original proportions, and even now is too long for particular descriptions of each piece. The antiphonal form is used in many of the choruses, and in particular instances—such as the first, "Your harps and cymbals sound," "With pious heart," and the before mentioned "From the censer"—with a dignity and magnificence only inferior to some of the numbers of *Israel in Egypt*. In the airs, too, we find very many of the happiest ideas of the composer, such as "What tho' I trace" (contralto), "Can I see my infant gored?" (soprano), and "Will the sun forget to streak?" (soprano), with its graceful *flauto obbligato*. These are but few of the many pieces in *Solomon* which are always welcome. The

recitatives are very numerous, and serve to exhibit Handel's fertility of invention. Indeed, in this branch of vocal art he has never been surpassed.

It is the custom for the press to take a great deal for granted with respect to the performances of well known associations. We have never failed to express our opinion on the Sacred Harmonic Concerts; but, while admitting their excellence in many points, which, if considered altogether, leave them without equal, we have had occasionally to urge that better things might be done by a body of such great resources. On the present occasion we can safely say that a better representation will never have been given by the Society. If we are not mistaken, this may be attributed to the work of reform and purgation to which the Committee have lately directed their zealous labours. Those gentlemen, however, know best; but if we are right in our surmise, it cannot fail to be an encouragement to them to prosecute a reform, which indeed was rapidly becoming indispensable.

Of the performance of *Solomon*, which took place last night, and inaugurated the present season, we shall speak next week, in the proper place.

SHOULDER.

WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The *Trinummus* of Plautus will be performed by the Queen Scholars of Westminster on the following nights:—Friday, December 14; Tuesday, December 18; Thursday, December 20, with the addition of a Prologue and Epilogue on the last two nights.

MUSIC.—It requires no extraordinary skill in execution to render music subservient to the purposes of social and domestic enjoyment; but it does require a willing spirit and a feeling mind to make it tell upon the sympathies and affections of our nature. There is a painful spectacle occasionally exhibited in private life, when a daughter refuses to play for the gratification of her own family, or casts aside with contempt the music they prefer; yet when a stranger joins the circle, and especially when many guests are met, she will sit down to the piano with the most obliging air imaginable, and play with perfect good-will whatever air the company may choose. What must the parents of such a daughter feel, if they recollect the fact that it was at their expense their child acquired this pleasing art, by which she appears anxious to charm any one but them? And how does the law of love operate with her? Yet music is the very art which, by its mastery over the feelings and affections, calls forth more tenderness than any other. Surely, then, the principle of love ought to regulate the exercise of this gift in proportion to its influence upon the human heart. Surely it ought not to be cultivated as the medium of display, so much as the means of home enjoyment; not so much as a spell to charm the stranger, or one who has no other link of sympathy with us, as a solace to those we love, and a tribute of gratitude and affection to those who love us.—*Brighton Guardian*.

THE BASS VIOL *versus* THE PIANO.—Since the harp has fallen into disuse, nothing has supplied its place as a drawing-room instrument. The piano, that friend of mediocrity, reigns everywhere; but ladies are not aware of all the harm that it occasions. In the first place, except in the hands of an adept, the piano has no expression at all, and only wearies the ear. Besides, it accords in no respect with feminine beauty, and it especially cuts the bust or the head with a horizontal line, causing the most unpleasing effect. It is really strange that our drawing-room musicians have not thought long ago of substituting for these massive, angular chests, some instrument graceful in form and melodious in tone. The painters were the people to consult. There is to be seen at the Louvre a beautiful picture by Netscher—a lady playing on the bass viol. Paul Veronese has represented himself with this instrument in his magnificent picture of the "Marriage at Cana." St. Cecilia also displays her exquisite hand on the strings of a bass viol. The outline, the shape, the shades of colour, all unite to place in advantageous relief the white arm which lithely directs the bow, the slender fingers which delicately traverse the finger-board, the bust gracefully bending forward over the soul of the instrument, which seems to reply by its vibrations to the throbbing of the lovely performer's heart. Should not an instinct of coquetry, in default of musical sentiment, have caused the adoption by ladies of the instrument of the patron saint of musicians?—*Brighton Guardian*.

The Opera.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—On Monday night an operetta in one act, entitled the *Marriage of Georgette*, was produced with unequivocal success. *Les Noces de Jeannette*, the French original, from the joint pens of MM. Barbier and Carré (authors of *Di-norah*), was brought out some years ago at the Opéra Comique. The music, by M. Victor Massé, gained the first laurels for a young composer who has since taken rank among the most popular disciples of the late Adolphe Adam, and whose latest notable performance, *La Reine Topaze*, was, like *Les Noces de Jeannette*, composed expressly for the now celebrated Mad. Miolan Carvalho. A more agreeable little piece to serve as what our neighbours term "*lever de rideau*" could hardly be desired; and the music is so light and sparkling, that, the brevity of the opera taken into consideration, it is a pity any portion of it should be rejected. Although we are not aware that *Les Noces de Jeannette* has been introduced at any of our metropolitan theatres, an English version, by Messrs. Leicester Buckingham and A. Harris, so conveniently adapted that it may be played with or without music, has been given in most of the provincial towns, and—thanks to the brilliant vocalisation of Miss Louisa Pyne—was for a long time a favourite in the United States of America, where she sustained one of the two principal characters. The French piece itself, together with the music, transplanted *literatim et notatim* from the boards of the pleasant opera house in the Rue Favart, was presented, last summer, at the little theatre in Camden House, Kensington, and experienced a highly-flattering reception at the hands of a genuine assembly of connoisseurs. As the general public, however, has no access to that *sanctum sanctorum* of aristocracy and fashion, a brief digest of the plot may not be supererogatory.

Georgette (Jeannette) is in love with an artisan named Jacques (Jean), who pretends to reciprocate her attachment, until the day appointed for signing the wedding contract, when, repenting of his engagement, he suddenly withdraws. Pursuing the fickle swain to his abode, nevertheless, the forsaken Chloe reproaches him with having made her the laughingstock of the village. Jacques, thus confronted, vows that his admiration remains unchanged, but that his abstract dread of marriage, being even greater than his affection, has led him to this seeming inconsistency. Not satisfied with such a poor excuse, Georgette threatens vengeance from so uncompromising a quarter—that of a stern military father—that Jacques is induced to affix his name to a paper, which he subsequently learns to be a second contract. His indignation at finding himself to be thus irretrievably bound, is only appeased by Georgette's promise that she will not herself sign the deed, and, satisfied that he is still a free man, he leaves the house on an errand with which she has intrusted him. Meanwhile, however, having altered her mind, Georgette completes the contract by the addition of her signature, and on his return Jacques discovers his now legally affianced bride in quiet possession of his domicile. The only expedient he can hit on is to disgust the intruder alike with her partner and her home; and to this end, in an excess of exasperation, half assumed, half real, he turns the apartment topsy-turvy, deranges the bed-furniture, overthrows chairs and tables, and smashes the glass and crockery; after which magnanimous achievement he seeks a temporary repose in the hayloft. While thus invoking the aid of Somnus to calm his excited nerves, Georgette has the broken furniture removed, and substitutes her own, the recent gifts of her friends, in its place. Jacques, on awakening, is astonished to see his apartment freshly and neatly furnished, a substantial supper laid out for him, after his own peculiar taste, while the self-elected wife of his bosom, like the heroine of Lebrun's *Rossignol*, is emulating the nightingale in fluent and mellifluous strains. Touched with this proof of united forbearance and solicitude, enchanted by the song, and still more (as Mr. Corri makes it appear) by the supper, the heart of Jacques relents; a reconciliation follows in due course, and the enamoured Georgette is rewarded for her perseverance by the hand of a youth who, unmoved by her intrinsic charms, was by no means proof against new furniture, new crockery, and a bacon-omelette. Mr. W. Harrison (we are approaching the period when every manager will be his own author), in his adaptation of the French

piece, has followed the original with tolerable fidelity, but somewhat spoiled the *dénouement*, by omitting the incident of Georgette's tearing up the contract at the very moment of her triumph, which left her still more completely mistress of the field, while, at the same time, paying a slight tribute to "poetical justice."

The music of M. Massé (it must be understood that of all his operas—which, besides those we have mentioned, include *Galathée*, *La Chanteuse Voilée*, *La Financée du Diable*, *Les Saisons*, &c.—the *Noces de Jeannette* is the least pretending) does not admit of detailed criticism or analysis, there being very little to criticise and nothing at all to explain. It is throughout of the slightest possible texture, and depends exclusively on its light and fluent tune, combined with a certain well-sustained theatrical propriety. The soliloquy of Jacques, "At last, I am alone," is spirited, if nothing more; the duet, "Hold, stay there, if you please," in which Georgette induces Jacques to sign the contract, though too long for its abstract musical interest, is by no means too long for the dramatic situation; the comic song, "Oh! you can little know, my dear," in which Jacques tries to disgust Georgette by a formal catalogue of the conjugal duties she will have to fulfil under his roof, is lively, well written, and to the purpose; and the final duet, where Jacques, repenting, endeavours to make peace, contains a phrase for Georgette—"My fond heart will sure its joy reveal"—not merely pretty, but which, without exaggeration, may be termed beautiful. Best of all, however, are the three songs of Georgette—"Amongst the village swains," "Fly nimbly with your work, my fingers," and "At my cottage door"—the first of which is remarkably graceful and expressive, while the others (the "Knitting-song" and the "Nightingale-song," by which names they are likely to be familiarly known) are characteristic as well as melodious. All three were given to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne (Georgette), whose first appearance after her indisposition was hailed with several distinct rounds of applause. In the "Nightingale's song" the accomplished vocalist was accompanied in masterly style on the flute by Mr. Pratten. This gentleman shared with her an elaborate "cadenza" for flute and voice, cut out on much the same pattern as those time-honoured specimens of Lebrun and Bishop that were wont to enliven the amateurs of two or three generations since, and which one might have thought had been virtually driven out of fashion by the genius and originality of Meyerbeer, who by the extraordinary trio for voice and two flutes in the last scene of *L'Etoile du Nord* made all preceding attempts look faded and forlorn. Perhaps, however, M. Victor Massé did wisely in taking Lebrun rather than Meyerbeer for a model, the first being as easy as the last was difficult to emulate. Nevertheless, Lebrun allowed for, it was a real musical treat to listen to such a performance as that of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Pratten. We have said nothing of the overture and final chorus, inasmuch as they are wholly insignificant. The part of Jacques was supported with vigour and painstaking ability by Mr. Corri, who, though his humour cannot (as we have had already occasion to observe) be cited as spontaneous or natural, managed to divert the audience considerably in more than one scene. The applause at the fall of the curtain was unanimous and cordial.

The *Marriage of Georgette* was preceded by the ballet of *The Ambuscade* and followed by Mr. Loder's admirable *Night Dancers*. Mr. Balfé's new opera—*Bianco, the Bravo's Bride*—is in active rehearsal.

The Theatres.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday night Mlle. Albina di Rhona, a French dancer, said to be of Servian origin, made her first appearance, in a trifling piece entitled *Smack for Smack*. The young lady, who is an actress as well as a dancer, speaks the French language, and, as the piece originally stood, the only other character, a Prussian soldier, was played by a German, who spoke in his own vernacular. The bickering which takes place between these two personages, and which ultimately leads to a declaration of mutual attachment, mainly serves to introduce a number of those characteristic dances in which Mlle. Albina di Rhona is a proficient. Nevertheless, it was felt that the German would be unintelligible to a large portion of the audience, and hence he is converted into an Englishman, and played by Mr. Belmore, the lady still retaining

her original French. Mlle. Albina is a dancer of immense strength and vivacity, capable of surprising *tour de force*, and is withal endowed with that histrionic spirit that is especially required to give effect to dances of the national kind. She is, moreover, a lively actress, in the ordinary sense of the word, and speaks her dialogue with all the point of a French *soubrette*. She was greeted with universal applause.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Mathews is again the prevailing genius at this house, the temporary withdrawal of the *Story of the '45* allowing light comedy to take the place of romantic melodrama. A very clever version of *Les Pattes de Mouche*, which is called *The Adventures of a Billet-doux*, gains considerably by this revolution, for when it was first brought out it was played after the very lengthy tale of serious interest, and was therefore scarcely noticed. Now it occupies the post of honour, which it well deserves, for, as we need not say, it turns on a most amusing intrigue, and, as we may justly add, the two leading personages in whose hands the game entirely lies are excellently played by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. The *Critic*, in which Mr. Charles Mathews plays both Sir Fretful and Puff, has been too long identified with his name to require comment.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. S. Lover's comical novel of *Handy Andy* has been converted into a dramatic shape, that Mr. John Drew, an actor celebrated in Ireland, may maintain the part of the blundering serving-man—the Jocrisse of Irish fiction. Mr. Drew is an artist of the quietest and least obtrusive kind, never violently thrusting forward his drollery, but allowing it to insinuate itself into the minds of the audience, as if perfectly relying on its natural force. The finish with which he executes the minute details of the part is very remarkable, and when his share in the dialogue is but small, he still makes himself conspicuous, and remains the attractive figure of the scene through the excellence of his by-play. His skill in "making up," so necessary a qualification for parts of characteristic humour, is very great, his resemblance to the picture of Handy Andy extending apparently even to the conformation of the face. How far nature has assisted art in this respect we cannot determine.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The weather has not been very favourable for the winter concerts, four of which have been now given; nevertheless, the attendance on each occasion has been larger than might have been expected. The programmes continue to preserve their distinctive instrumental features, which Mr. Augustus Manns finds he has been wise in adopting. A symphony and one or two overtures invariably constitute items in the selection, for the most part executed with efficiency and vigour. The new vocal favourite has been Mad. Palmieri, who made her *début* last Saturday, and sang airs from the *Bohemian Girl*, and the Italian repertory with marked effect. Also the lady's *caro sposo*, Signor Palmieri, presented himself as a tenor singer, with no remarkable results. M. Joseph Heine, a violinist, made his first appearance, and executed Ernst's *Pirata fantasia* with much applause. The symphony was Mendelssohn's, A major, alias *The Italian*.

CAPTAIN MORTON PRICE AND MISS CATHARINE LUCETTE have commenced an entertainment at the Prince of Wales's Hall, Regent Street (formerly the Cosmorama), under the name of a *Theatrical Tour through the United States and Canada*. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the title with the entertainment itself, which consists of two amusing *petites comedies*, written by Captain Price, interspersed with songs and duets of a popular character. These, we suppose, constituted the *répertoire* of the gallant captain and his fair companion during their tour through the new continent. Captain Price states that he first undertook his theatrical trip for a wager, and that in America he gained 500*l*. We hope he will be as successful in England. Miss Catharine Lucette appeared, a year or two since, at Drury Lane Theatre, as Susan, in Mr. Tully's *Black-eyed Susan*, and met with a very favourable reception. She has a fresh and agreeable voice, sings well, and acts like one accustomed to the stage. Captain Morton Price is evidently a practised amateur of the first stamp. Among Miss Lucette's best vocal efforts was the ballad of "Kate Kearney," given with taste and expression, and a new song by Herr Emile Berger, entitled "That handsome volunteer," which, being quite in "the spirit of the times," created an unmistakable impression. M. Berger's song is one of the best we have heard on a "Volunteer" subject, and was given by Miss Catharine Lucette with an archness and vivacity

that were irresistible. The distress of the enamoured fair one when she says,

"I ne'er, I'm sure,
Shall see him more,
That gallant volunteer,"

was capitally conveyed, and brought down roars of laughter. The "Handsome Volunteer" indeed made a decided impression. A duet between Captain Price and Miss Lucette, given with infinite spirit by both of them ("Sally, Sally"), was another "hit." The songs we have named were only but a small portion of the entertainment, but they were the most effective. With regard to the pieces in which they were introduced, one is entitled *The Double Courtship*, the other, *A Manager's Perplexities*. Simplicity of plot and neatness of dialogue are their principal recommendations. A visit to the Prince of Wales's Hall may be undertaken with a certainty of a couple of pleasantly spent hours.

HERR MOLIQUE AND THE NORWICH CHARITIES.—One of our contemporaries announce that Herr Molique, the composer of the oratorio of *Abraham*, performed with so much success at the last Norwich Festival, has returned the fifty guineas sent him as remuneration by the committee, requesting at the same time that the sum may be distributed to the charities of the town. The statement is correct, but it is scarcely complete as it stands. We have reason to know that the gifted musician alluded to returned the miserably inadequate recompense proffered him for the express purpose of marking his appreciation of the niggardly spirit in which he had been treated by the Festival committee. It indeed seems something very like a blunder or an insult to offer such a pitiful sum to a man of genius for a work that must have been the labour of months, or perhaps of years, and we are not surprised that Herr Molique should have resented it in this high-minded manner. Of Norwich we can quite believe he has now had sufficient experience, and we can fully understand the determination he is said to have arrived at never again to enter that city. We should, indeed, think it probable that other composers will be warned by his example, and will in like manner shun a place where their merits are likely to be so ill appreciated and so poorly recompensed.—*Daily Telegraph*.

MUSIC AT PENRHYN.—A correspondent informs us of the great pleasure he received, a few weeks past, from hearing a choral performance in the Penrhyn Slate Quarries, so romantically situated at the commencement of the Nant Francon Pass, on the road from Bangor to Capel Curig. The performers were the quarrymen, their wives, sisters, and daughters; and the programme consisted of most of the choruses from the *Messiah*. The day was very fine, and the interest created by the performance was proved by the crowds who came from the neighbouring towns and villages to enjoy the music. There must have been present nearly ten thousand persons, who were seated in the various galleries of the quarry, which formed, as it were, a large amphitheatre; the chorus, in number about two hundred, standing in the centre of the quarry, facing the audience. The accompaniments were played on two harmoniums, which, wonderful to relate, were heard by every one present. The weak point of the affair was the number of conductors, there being no less than four; but this could hardly be avoided, as there were four choirs present—Church of England, Wesleyan, Independent, and Methodist—and policy necessitated that the conductor of each sect should have his turn in directing the movements of the whole. The execution was most creditable to all concerned; so creditable, indeed, that we cannot but express an earnest hope that no effort will be spared to carry out a movement so auspiciously commenced. The Hon. Colonel Pennant, the owner of the Penrhyn Slate Quarry, is only too anxious to promote everything that can tend to improve the moral as well as the physical condition of those in his employment; and too much praise cannot be accorded him for his assistance in putting within the reach of his quarrymen a resource so elevating as the performance of the *Messiah*. Previous to the choral demonstration, the Volunteers (all quarrymen) marched in, with their band, and were put through their drill. The band performed at each change of conductor.

Provincial.

Our provincial column will be somewhat scant of news this week. The autumn *tournees* are fast drawing to a close, and *entrepreneurs* in the country become timid in their speculations as Christmas draws near. Nevertheless, we find some important musical doings going forward in sundry localities, where the spirit of fashion or the desire of recruiting health still detains crowds from the metropolis. The season at BRIGHTON is not yet exhausted, and *impresarii* and concert-givers are, at the last moment, bent on providing some luxury of entertainment for the seaside visitors about to fly off, at any given moment, to prepare for the festivities of the coming holy time. At Mr. Waite Vernon's concert, held in the music-room of the Pavilion, on Monday evening, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington appeared for the first time since the great "hit" she made in *Robin Hood* at Her Majesty's Theatre. She sang, among other things, the ballad "True love," from Mr. Macfarren's opera, and the scena "Ombre légère," from *Dinorah*, creating quite a furore in the latter. Herr Derffel gave his last "pianoforte recital" at the same place on Thursday afternoon.—The Edinburgh journals furnish lengthy accounts of the first subscription concert of the Edinburgh Musical Association, which took place on Saturday evening in the Music Hall, and at which several of our London artists assisted. Mad. (?) Louisa Vinning, Mad. (?) Laura Baxter (why two English ladies married to two English gentlemen should style themselves "Madame" has puzzled more than ourselves!), Mr. Tennant and Mr. Allan Irving were the singers; Herr Becker, the violinist, and Herr Lechmeyer, the pianist, instrumentalists; Herr Becker made a decided hit. The Saturday evening concerts increase in popularity. At the last the crowd was very great. Mr. Howard Glover's cantata, *Tam o' Shanter*, according to the reliable information of the *Evening Courant* will be performed this evening, and we have no doubt will cause an unusual sensation, as the music is not only admirably characteristic but beautiful in an abstract sense. The production of this work speaks well for the energy and enterprise of the directors of the Saturday evening concerts.

We learn from a Manchester paper that the organ in St. Ignatius's church (Roman Catholic), was re-opened on Sunday last by Mr. W. T. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The organ has been entirely rebuilt and much enlarged by the eminent organ builders, Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, of Manchester. A correspondent sends us a list of the stops which are as follows:—

Great Organ, C C to F.

1. Grand Open Diapason	8 feet.
2. Open Diapason	8 "
3. Stopped Diapason	8 "
4. Principal	4 "
5. Twelfth	2 2/3 "
6. Fifteenth	2 "
7. Sesquialtera	3 ranks.
8. Trumpet	8 feet.

Choir Organ, C C to F.

9. Stopped Diapason Bass	8 feet.
10. Stopped Diapason, Treble	8 "
11. Dulciana	8 "
†12. Keraulophon, Tenor, C.	8 "
13. Principal	4 "
14. Flute, Tenor C.	4 "
15. Cremona, Tenor C.	8 "

Swell Organ, Tenor C to F.

16. Double Stopped Diapason	16 feet.
17. Open Diapason	8 "
18. Stopped Diapason	8 "
19. Principal	4 "
†20. Mixture. 2 ranks	2 "
†21. Cornopean	8 "
†22. Oboe	8 "

Pedal Organ, C C C to F.—30 Notes.

†23. Grand Open Diapason	16 feet.
†24. Bourdon	16 "
†25. Principal	8 "
†26. Mixture. 2 ranks.	" "
†27. Trombone	16 "

Couplers.

28. Swell to Great.	30. Great to Pedals.
29. Choir to Great.	31. Choir to Pedals.

There are three combination pedals to the great organ, and two to the pedal organ. Those stops marked with a dagger (†) are new, and all the others have been carefully revoiced. The soundboards, bellows, actions, &c., of the pedal organ, are also new. The movements generally throughout the organ have been reconstructed. The organ has a round and full tone, of great power, and may be fairly considered a very fine instrument.—At the last GLASGOW Saturday evening concert the same party was engaged who assisted at the performance of the Edinburgh musical association in the morning. "The programme," writes the *Glasgow Daily Herald*, "contained a staff of artists which has neither been so strong nor so good since the commencement of the season. The singers were Mad. Laura Baxter, Mad. L. Vinning, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Allan Irving; the instrumentalists, Herr Lechmeyer, pianist and composer, and Herr Becker, violinist. Mad. Laura Baxter displayed a fine alto voice; and Mad. Vinning is an excellent soprano singer. Mr. Irving's baritone voice was highly esteemed, and his singing was repeatedly encored. Mr. Tennant's musical abilities are of a very high order; "Annie, dear, good bye," was sung by him in a manner well worthy of his talents. The performances on the piano by Herr Lechmeyer were executed in a masterly manner. Herr Becker is decidedly a first-class violinist, and his ingenious playing on that instrument deserves the greatest praise. The band of the West York Rifles, under their able conductor, Mr. J. Deacon, also contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening. In consequence of the great attraction, the hall was crowded in every corner."—At BRADFORD we find the Festival Choral Society giving Mr. Macfarren's cantata *Christmas* with great success at St. George's Hall, the solo parts being taken by Miss Illingworth and Miss Carrodus, with Mr. Burton at the pianoforte, and Mr. Jackson, conductor.

"Christmas," writes the *Bradford Observer*, "is a cantata descriptive of the rustic festivities of an English Christmas in the olden time,—the song, the chorus, the carol, the dance, the merry tale, and other pastimes, are each brought out in succession with true English feeling and with a genial warmth suitable to the hospitable season portrayed. Mr. Oxenford's poetry finding an able exponent in the talented composer of the favourite new opera of *Robin Hood*. The music, to use the language of a metropolitan critic, 'is full of pure English melody, rich in choral effects, and glowing from beginning to end with fire and animation.' This beautiful work was interpreted on Monday evening in a manner highly creditable to the society, considering that it was the first time of its performance. The production of the cantata was evidently a 'labour of love' with Mr. Jackson, the conductor, who was ably seconded in the beautiful pianoforte accompaniments by Mr. Burton."

MAD. SAINVILLE's evening concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening week, went off well. The vocalists were the fair beneficeaire, Miles. Pacini and Stella, "rising young vocalists," Miss Lizzie Gilbert, Mr. Williams and Mr. Lee. Mr. Cunningham, who was announced to sing "Come into the garden Maud," and "Thou art so near," was unfortunately unable to appear owing to "urgent private affairs," as we understood. Mr. P. Van Noorden was the pianist. He played an "Octave study" and an "Etude à la Valse" capitolly. Mad. Sainville's best performance was the "brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia*.

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(From the Times.)

Last night an operetta in one act, entitled the *Marriage of Georgette*, was produced with unequivocal success. A more agreeable little piece could hardly be desired; and the music is so light and sparkling that, the brevity of the opera taken into consideration, it is a pity any portion of it should be rejected. Best of all are the three songs of Georgette—"Amongst the village swains," "Fly nimbly with your work, my fingers," and "At my cottage door"—the first of which is remarkably graceful and expressive, while the others (the "Knitting-song" and the "Nightingale-song," by which names they are likely to be familiarly known) are characteristic as well as melodious. All three were given to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne (Georgette).

(From the Morning Post.)

The music of this little operetta is gay, sparkling, elegant, and *spirituelle*. The great feature of the evening was the reappearance of Miss Louisa Pyne as Georgette. The music of the part is, throughout, admirably suited to her voice and style, and she executed it all to perfection. In one air, nevertheless, she shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and this was the trying *bravura*, with flute *obligato*, "Ah! my cottage door." Here Miss Pyne achieved a success in every respect equal to that which she gained in Meyerbeer's famous "Shadow-song," and, with her aid, M. Massé's air can scarcely fail to become generally popular.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

The music is throughout graceful and pleasing. The overture opens effectively with the ringing of the marriage bells, and is appropriately rustic in character. The most noticeable of the solos are those for Georgette, known in France as the *Romance de l'Aiguille*—a most charming and graceful melody, sung with exquisite taste by Miss Louisa Pyne—the

"Air des Meubles" so well given as to make the hearer regret that a note of it should be omitted; and the "Air du Rossignol," a florid bravura with flute *obligato*, in which Mr. Pratten's admirable playing was almost as remarkable as the magnificent execution of the accomplished vocalist.

(From the Standard.)

The music to which this simple story is wedded is by M. Victor Massé, and is of that agreeable class which is a characteristic of some modern French composers. There is a regular overture very pleasing, and commencing with a charming movement expressed by means of bells, and a clever imitation of the corne-muse of a rustic wedding. The vocal music is, of course, confined to songs and duets; of these by far the best are given to Georgette, who has three airs of a graceful and simple character, one of these, sung while she is at work ("Even at her work the village maiden sings"), begins, "Fly nimbly with your work, my fingers," and narrowly escaped with an *encore*; and another, "At my cottage door," (the nightingale-song) certainly received one, although it was not accepted by Miss Pyne. This latter, which is the gem of the opera, is a charming melody, piquantly expressive, and a good theme for brilliant execution. It has a delicious flute accompaniment, and in the passages especially in which the voice took up the phrases of the instrument, Miss Pyne's execution was marvellous. This air itself is enough to secure the success of the operetta, and excited the utmost enthusiasm of the audience. Without any aim apparently on the part of the composer at the highest class of music, the whole of this little piece is light and agreeable, and the instrumentation even more than the voice parts full of variety and expression. It is altogether a charming entertainment. The applause at the close of the operetta was enthusiastic, and the curtain was raised for Miss Pyne and Mr. Corri to bow their acknowledgments.

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